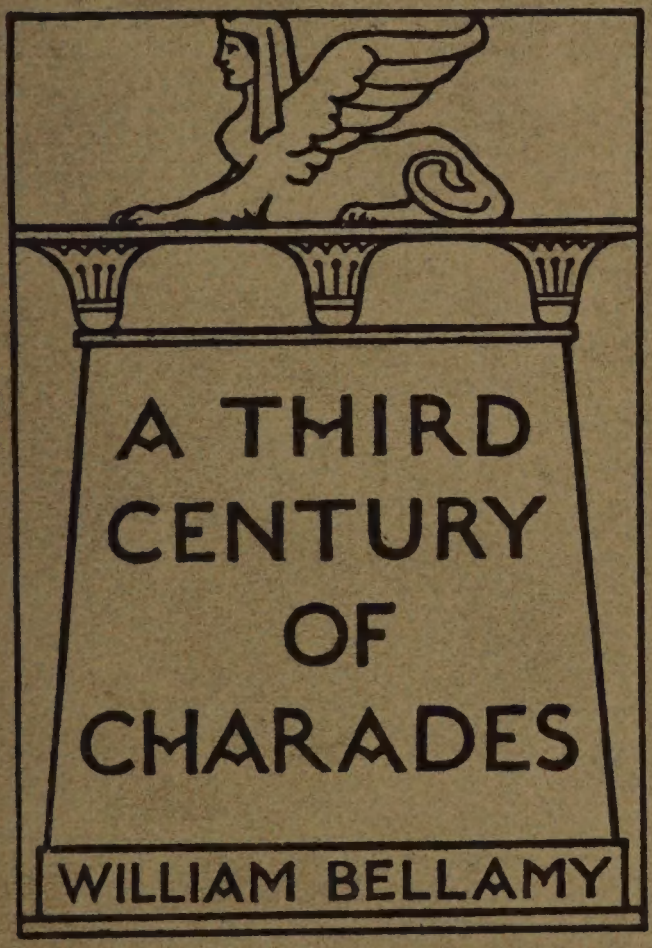

A THIRD CENTURY OF CHARADES

WILLIAM BELLAMY

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Books by William Bellamy

BROKEN WORDS.
MORE CHARADES.
A CENTURY OF CHARADES.
A SECOND CENTURY OF CHARADES
A THIRD CENTURY OF CHARADES.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
BOSTON AND NEW YORK

A THIRD CENTURY OF CHARADES

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BY

WILLIAM BELLAMY

REDITFURABLETO

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TO THE MEMORY OF

HENRY AUSTIN CLAPP

WHO CAUSED MY FIRST CHARADES TO BE PUBLISHED, THIS THIRD VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

"Oh, what a tangled web we weave
When first we practise to deceive."

CCI

CARE killed a cat, — that 's not the worst,
My total made my last my first;
He pondered on affairs of state,
And so became emaciate.

CCII

TWO murmurs of love and content
In the animal kingdom are heard,
Though together it must be averred
They seldom or never are blent.

But let one precede and one follow,
You mention a man philanthropic;
Let us not take his craft for our topic
To extol what is empty and hollow.

CCIII

BY pale my second of the moon
My first drew rein, a bold dragoon;
He kissed his sweetheart at the gate,
And on my whole he rode elate.

But otherwise does she divide
That word who wept to see him ride;
Her last turns red to read alway,
'T is for her first, her whole for ay!

CCIV

ECONOMISTS remark it,
And seek the reason why
My first is in the market,
For no one cares to buy.

My whole will make a full repast,
Though somewhat lighter than my last.

CCV

NO doubt my first may be well spent
When used to spare a sick man's feelings,
But who can praise their good intent
Who show my last in all their dealings?
To fight a man, and knock him out,
To drain my whole with jest and shout,
Is what they mostly think about.

CCVI

ON History's page my first we see;
A leader, not a follower, he.
Strange that a thing of little sense
Should take of others precedence!

How sweet (or sad) to lover's ear
On Sabbath morns my last to hear.
Ah, what a bliss my last foretells!
What augury of marriage bells!

Bœotians, dull of speech and brain,
Foul blot upon Platæa's plain,
My whole can ever proudly boast
Epaminondas and his host.

CCVII

FROM cover through to cover
You 'll seek my first in vain:
No lexicon of lover
Did e'er such word contain.

Now if some Radcliffe scholar
My last remembers still,
She 'll say it 's not a dollar,
But a ten dollar bill.

My whole by old commanders
Was taught and practised too,
But modern Alexanders
Rely on maxims new.

CCVIII

MY first and second Christians say,
My last the heathen do;
My whole, though mean twixt me and you,
How can you strike it, pray?

CCIX

A hard-hearted man had become so my whole
You might say that his greed had shriveled his soul.
When you asked for my first and my next he grew wroth,
And his only reply was my third and my fourth.

CCX

MY first and second winked at me,
Oh, what a girl to one, two, three!
To catch my third I was not slow;
My whole might do to feed a crow.

CCXI

MY first is the generic name for the hog that takes my whole;
You may find my next in summer on a little rounded knoll.
John Milton sang to oaks and rills, then turned to pastures new;
But my final was an old field he never wandered to.

CCXII

WHEN lovely widow sets my first,
Call it my whole or what you may,
Let man resist her if he durst,
A widow always has her way;
A woman's will there 's no denying,
And soon my second will be flying.

CCXIII

MY first is half human, 't is sad but 't is true;
My last is a joiner, a union one too;
The cockney in London the day that he 's wed
Takes my first and my second together, 't is said.
My whole you have done when a child, if quite spry,
And an angel in heaven upon it may fly.

CCXIV

WHEN God the world did make,
My first the word He spake.

When God the first man made,
My last the word He said.

When God gave man a soul,
He said to him, my whole.

CCXV

MY first would struggle to be free,
Caught in the net in Galilee.

My last was said to you and me
Upon the mount in Galilee.

My whole Himself was taught to be
Who taught us all in Galilee.

My last is ■ word of two syllables.

CCXVI

IN ancient Egypt, ridden by the priest,
They say my whole had place at every feast,
And kept my first: but why, my second friend,
Need we reminder of our latter end?
Too oft admonished that we soon must die,
Too sadly certain that the night is nigh,
Let 's sit at table with my first between us
And turn our thoughts to Bacchus and to Venus.

CCXVII

MY fifth have been queens, and my first a queen reigned;
From my first and my second she ever abstained:
For, my third and my fourth in her conduct, and prude,
Such actions, though David's, she wisely eschewed.
Genuflections and crossings she rightly preferred,
(To the kingdom of heaven they must be my third.)
And her book of devotions remains to these days,
And my whole who have seen it are loud in their praise.

CCXVIII

MY first demands long, patient years;
My second is the source of tears;
My third may take us unawares,
And come before the swallow dares;
My total, — O Jerusalem!
Pray what hast thou to do with them?

CCXIX

THERE 'S virtue in my first perhaps,
For sailor men at sea;
There 's virtue in my second, if
With Shakespeare we agree;
'T is sweet to hear my third and fourth
While homeward wend the kine;
And sweet it is for those who love
Upon my whole to dine.

CCXX

IN my first my whole must go
At my second's word, and O
'T is my third, my whole must stay
Erin bids — till Saturday.

CCXXI

GO my first my second, I said
When Tommy came with my third all red,
Red as my whole when it hangs on the vine
Juicy and ripe in the bright sunshine.

CCXXII

CLEOPATRA in a crisis
Thus relieved her mind to Isis.

"Though in chains I 'd look attractive,
"Never will I be a captive;
"Nor with Cæsar will I palter,
"Though he lead me to the altar;
[Here she used a Latin word,
'T is my second and my third.]
"Better that my first forestall him,
"Than to live my fourth to call him.
"Marcus is my love forever.
"Though I never thought him clever,
"And his 'Dying, Egypt, dying,'
"Was enough to drive me flying,
"Still will I be true to Marcus;
"Let me die upon his carcass."

Atropos then slit the meshes,
Now my whole is what all flesh is.

CCXXIII

MY FIRST.

HE offered you a good cigar;
He often took a hand at whist;
The highest honor though he missed,
He would be what was better far;
And men shall turn to him for ay,
Though from the thought they turn away.

MY LAST.

He sang of love in far Cashmere;
He felt his monarch's heavy hand;
He told about a happy land;
He pressed a soldier's lowly bier,
Wrapped simply in a soldier's cloak.
Never his name did raven croak.

MY WHOLE.

It turned the tide at Bannockburn;
It waved above Culloden Moor,
A day to Caledonia dour,
But days like these shall ne'er return.
Now, peaceful as sweet Teviot's tide,
It slumbers at the chieftain's side.

CCXXIV

WE sail the ocean blue,
And we leave my first behind,
But our hearts are ever true
Till another love we find.

For the sailor's love is vast,
Though the sailor's heart is light;
Oh, think him not my last
In the watches of the night,

When the angry billows roll,
And the seas are mountain high:
Then the sailor is my whole,
And he fain would pipe his eye.

CCXXV

HOW cool, by Learning's ancient seat,
My first redoubled flows;
There sways the water-lily sweet,
And there the dark blue rose.

Cecilia's music could entreat
An Angel from the sky;
My second's voice brought to his feet
A loved one from on high.

If name the sire upheld with pride
Is sullied by the son,
'T is well, perhaps, that Fate denied
My whole to Washington.

CCXXVI

MY first is cozened and betrayed,
And by my next my first is made;
My third put peevish wives to shame,
My whole 's another, and the same.

CCXXVII

I 'D like to take my first with you,
But not before the fall, my dear;
My next Japan is bound to do
Unless the Russians win, I fear.
My last is larger than my shoe;
My whole is like the other two.

CCXXVIII

I WOOED her by the summer sea,
'T was there our troth we plighted,
I placed upon her lily hand
A ring — two hearts united.

The depth of woman's love who knows?
Its shallows who can tell?
I thought her gentle breast my whole
Where I alone could dwell:

But when I asked my first my third,
With sudden madness smitten,
My second from her hand she drew,
And I was given the mitten.

CCXXIX

THERE was a woman once, and sad her lot;
Her fault 's remembered and her name 's forgot.
If the Chaldean stars I read aright,
'T was in my first that woman saw the light.

There is a mighty organ at whose notes
Men clap their hands, and sometimes change their votes;
And as my second moveth, up and down,
We smile, or weep, or hide a yawn, or frown.

Bristling with rage, or nestling warm and sweet
Upon his mother's breast, or in the street
Noisy and dirty, often in cop's clutches,
The cactus of the fauna, — my whole such is.

CCXXX

MY first is ever present, near;
My last is near us while we sleep;
My whole men burn no longer here,
But God in endless flame will keep.

CCXXXI

MY first could hardly Falstaff's thirst assuage;
My next is both fore-armed and upper-handed;
My third 's a lady of uncertain age;
My whole stood by his church, if ever man did.

CCXXXII

JEMIMA glows with conscious pride
To have my second at her side;
But Isabel is eager to outdo;
She has my first, and has my second too,
And not together, but apart,
She holds them with a woman's art:
Indeed, I sometimes wonder whether
They 'd stay if they should come together.
Though Isabel is better dressed,
I like Jemima's way the best;
For her will Hymen light my third,
My total told me, — he 's a babbling bird.

CCXXXIII

IF I were the master of Carabas Place,
And you were its mistress in jewels and lace,
What a fête we would give to be sure;
The torches at eve would illumine the park,
My whole from the hot-house occasion remark,
And the largess we 'd make to the poor.

But my first of a torch would be all to remain
After tea, and my last is concisely the same.
When the guests had departed the way that they came,
Ah! then I could kiss you, my darling, again
Alone with our cat so demure.

CCXXXIV

WHEN to my first I turn my eyes,
What golden spectacles are seen!
My second binds with many ties,
And shows us wood no longer green.
Academy of western Greece,
My whole 's a battle-field whose name is peace.

CCXXXV

MY gentle whole, thou lovedst truth too well
To deign with lying words the truth to tell.
My first removed thee from a world of dread
Where horrors heaped themselves on Horror's head,
Where Fate toward Pity turned a crazy leer.
Let my last three implore for thee a tear.

CCXXXVI

WHEN Marmion on Flodden lay
A-dying in his thirst,
And Lady Clare put hate away,
She tendered him my first.

Unmindful of his wicked deeds,
Forgetting all his past,
His suffering alone she heeds,
And proffers him my last.

The pious monk who bade him pray
Might think to save his soul,
But naught can sinner's thirst allay
Like water from my whole.

CCXXXVII

COULD my first who sleeps beneath
Coffin lid and ivy wreath,
Have again the life he left,
Would he take it for a gift?

Does my last that blooms a day
Over her we laid away,
When its petals fleck the plain
Teach us aught but life is vain?

Can my whole, at rest below
Summer's daisies, winter's snow,
Watch us with a father's pride?
Love the land for which they died?

CCXXXVIII

THE men who preach my first, I wot,
Assume a virtue if they have it not.

My last are highland Ellen's eyes,
Dark as the tarn that mountain-circled lies.

My whole with dent of rifle ball
Hangs panoplied upon the soldier's wall.

CCXXXIX

TOLL, toll my first, loud, solemn, slow,
For Oxford's honored dead, for Lincoln's woe.
My second and my third flies circling low.

My whole no more disturbs the brain;
The men, the things that gave our forebears pain
Are vanished, never to return again.

CCXL

MY first is sometimes hard to say,
My last the giddy like to carry,
My whole is midnight in Cathay,
In England 't is too late to marry.

CCXLI

MY first made merry all the summer night,
And sped the hours till my second came;
My whole in Hellas waged most glorious fight;
His arms and actions ill befit his name.

CCXLII

BEFORE the bar there stood up nine;
But one announced he must decline.

So all the rest their toddies stirred,
My first my second all my third.

And now my total would you find,
Just chew this over in your mind.

CCXLIII

WE use my first to measure yet
Tasks that are done as soon as set.

When mighty Cæsar passed away
My last was not consumed to clay.

My whole since History begun
Has traveled westward with the sun.

CCXLIV

MY first says, "Look at that!"
My last keeps out the weather;
(Ladies, the two together
Explains my shocking hat.)
And when my whole was writ by laureate pen
"Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!"

CCXLV

TWELVE were my first the world to save ;
My second is your humble servant, Madam ;
My third implies intention, said to pave
The under regions since the fall of Adam.
My whole may breathe of love and tender feeling
While yet a thought of vulgar coin concealing.

CCXLVI

SEEK my first! — so sages tell,
Do they know my last as well?
Is my whole the final story
Of love and folly, sin and glory?
Oil upon the seas that rage, —
Such the answer of the sage.

CCXLVII

IN Venice my first in old Dandolo's time
Could clap men in jug without reason or rhyme;
(Which reminds me my second, though stately and tall,
Is no more nor less than a jug after all.)
And men in high places they 've grown fat and pert in
May find even to-day that my whole is uncertain.

CCXLVIII

"YES, it is my first lover's complaint,"
Sighed the lady my second my third;
And the light of the harem grew faint
When my whole at her lattice she heard.

He sang, "My first, second and third,
You are fairer than Araby's daughter."
But the lady replied with one word,
And dashed his bright hopes with cold water.

She said when she gave him the bounce:
"My first, he has broken my heart,
But my third love I had to renounce,
So my second adorer depart."

CCXLIX

MY first was duke in Normandie,
My last in England king;
Full fond were they of venerie,
They made the greenwood ring.

To chase the deer Saint Swithin's day,
They bade the huntsmen hark away;
The dappled deer were sore afraid,
At Swithin's chair they knelt and prayed.

Saint Swithin was a holy man,
And on that sport he laid his ban;
Nor buck nor doe that hunt might slay,
They only caught my whole that day.

CCL

MY first 's a malediction,
My other two a song.
My whole may hold you dear,
But they never love you long.

CCLI

SINCE doctors all take it, my first must be good;
My whole 's a rare roast never swallowed as food;
My last are the spoilers of China, and one
The arch foe of mankind since the world was begun.

CCLII

IF you will give your solemn word
Not to my second and my third,
I 'll tell you how it all occurred.

There was a man, a fine musician
Who occupied a good position,
And pleased us all by his rendition.

He could sing, — as singing goes;
To my first he always rose;
His name I won't disclose.

One thing he did which caused regret;
He played to make up a quartet
With three whom he had never met.

He led my whole, — but why deplore?
He is not dead, but gone before.
Our club will never see him more.

CCLIII

BY the river rushes,
There my first is green;
There the red-wing's nest is hid
(A thought of Erin comes unbid.)
By the river rushes.

By the river rushes,
Ay my last, I ween.
The boatman rests upon his oar;
The hungry ripples lap the shore;
By the river rushes.

By the river rushes,
Watch the heron preen.
The fisher comes my whole to cool
In the darkly-shadowed pool
By the river rushes.

CCLIV

AS my first that all may know
Pens my last in language plain,
And my whole, like weather-vane,
Flirt with all the winds that blow, —

Some, like beacons for mankind,
Show the path, and point above ;
Some, — and these the poets love —
Wantons, whisper to the wind.

CCLV

WHILST every lady in this land seems bent
On tracing tortuous lines of long descent,
Let me, in genealogies unversed,
With greater pride claim kinship with my first.
Pierced by my second, wondrous ray serene,
Who would not blush, and long to blush unseen?
To point a moral though my whole may fail,
Don't miss the point, it might adorn a tale.

CCLVI

IF ever you my last have been,
And sought my total's friendly aid,
Telling the well-instructed maid
To bring the wine and biscuits in,
Your visitor so long has stayed;
And found with biscuit and with wine
Your incubus unbend and shine
In way you never dreamed before,
Roasting some musty chestnuts o'er;
Ah, have you not my first and tried
To turn your thoughts from homicide?

CCLVII

IN signs and in omens I 'm not deeply versed,
But of this I am certain concerning my first:
If you dream of it crossed, or so see it awake,
It 's a sure sign of money that none should mistake

Miss, take with you money, you 'll need it I know,
Since without my whole you 're determined to go.
Your good sense and courage I view with delight,
In casting off trammels you 're perfectly right;
Yet should a man offer my second to pay,
I believe if you love him you 'll let him, straightway.

CCLVIII

My First: — A fib, to say the least.

The Rest: — A kingdom in the East.

My Whole: — Poured out at early feast.

CCLIX

MY FIRST.

OF Learning's primal draught I am the lees.

MY SECOND.

And I the peopler of the teeming seas.

MY WHOLE.

A nothing I, yet make man's blood to freeze.

CCLX

MY first increases Turkey's crops;
"It is so sudden" when one pops;
What makes my last my whole o'ertops.

CCLXI

'TIS for my first I cried with glee
When Anna gave my whole to me;
'T would make my heart my last and crack
If she should ever ask it back.

CCLXII

WHEN to my first King Stephen came
With sword in hand, thus outspake he :
" Rise up, rise up, Sir Lionel,
England has need of knights like thee !
And if thou fight'st this battle well,
My first and next thy prize shall be.
They count upon my third to win,
My third will make their archers flee."

My whole is youngest of his kin ;
Oft has been told his brothers' story,
One is in Bliss, one Hell is in,
And all the rest in Purgatory.

CCLXIII

BY Longshank's harsh decree the bards were slain ;
Still with my first their sons their names retain.

My second and my third suffice to spell
Two mighty giants who in battle fell ;
In church and palace visitors behold
The sculptured marble placed above their mold ;
A precious kiss my second may enshrine;
My third, — the murderer of Edward's line.

Pale Phœbe often in my whole is found;
" 'T is Love that makes the world go round."

CCLXIV

MY first is a nave,
And my last is a poet;
My whole is a dame;
Any woman can sew it.
But although we suppose
That my whole was a mother,
Fra Elbertus is one,
And Holmes was another.

CCLXV

MY first a servant was, and friend;
My next, a letter without end.
When Marmion felt that he must die,
He shouted, "Hence my third lets fly!"
It seems the Japanese have sorter
Got the Russians in hot water;
The Russian, twixt the Jap and Pole,
May find hot water in my whole.

CCLXVI

A LITTLE laughter now and then
Is relished by the most sedate;
I hope you will forgive me when
I shout my first and cachinnate.

My second for a horse might do;
And silver ones made change of yore;
The carpenter has not a few;
I own it 's something of a bore.

My whole may be a charming fit
When lovely woman wears it;
But let a man get into it,
Disgusting! she declares it.

Perhaps she would exception make
Those times he did it for her sake.

CCLXVII

TWO little children playing on the shore
Gather my first in happiness complete;
Their chubby fingers shape my second neat,
And garnish it with shells and pebbles o'er.

Down to my third is hushed old Ocean's roar;
Hard by my total teeters on his feet;
Afar the ebbing tide has beat retreat;
And stretches bare the smoothly pounded floor.

Oh why should we the calls of business heed,
Why from this quiet tear ourselves away
To get a name for push and grit and greed,
And gather wealth that makes us poor indeed?
Here at our feet is all my first we need,
And they who dance my other two must pay.

CCLXVIII

IN Homer strength, in Virgil grace;
In both my first holds foremost place.

But when a maiden learns to love,
My second ranks all men above.

However hot the weather grows,
We see my third in winter clothes.

'Neath shady trees my whole doth lie,
And slowly drinks the river dry.

CCLXIX

HER lover to the war had gone;
My whole the coat that he had on.

Within her chamber pined the maid,
But to my last no sign displayed.

And in her bosom hid the rent,
Stifling the cry of discontent.

Fame and Bellona claimed him now,
And placed my first upon his brow.

CCLXX

ONCE, beside a rushing stream,
Of my first I caught the gleam,
Heard it hum and saw it shine
In the wood of fragrant pine.

When the youth with downcast eyes
Sought the counsel of the wise,
Then my second straight appeared;
Short his speech and long his beard.

Now the goose has homeward flown,
And the pig been put to rest,
Bright ascends Orion's zone,
Empty is the swallow's nest;
Now the sun has ceased to burn,
To my whole my thoughts return.
Milton, too, has sung about
Linked sweetness long drawn out.

CCLXXI

WE viewed her dead, at rest from strife,
And parting was sweet pain;
We knew that with another life
We 'd see my first again.

So oft my second first is put,
There 's little left unsaid;
But all who go my second foot
Can't get my second head.

Entangled in Neæra's hair,
My third, I envy thee,
But if a sweeter one were there,
How vexed the lady 'd be!

No wonder, treading darkest maze
By paths which turned and crossed,
That in my whole in former days
Good Christians have been lost.

CCLXXII

A SHORT CATECHISM

Q. What summons all who thirst?
A. My first.

Q. What rushes round perplexed?
A. My next.

Q. What net is best for bird?
A. My third.

Q. Wherein was Daniel cast?
A. My last.

Q. Where once did many meet?
A. My whole complete.

CCLXXIII

MY first and second frequently are sung
In many lands and in a foreign tongue.

My third and fourth is one of those deceivers
Who try the faith of innocent believers.

My fifth and my sixth a queer sailor must be
To stay in the city, yet follow the sea.

My whole is a breeder; there is not a prude
Will permit or allow it, since men are so rude.

CCLXXIV

MY first is left when wealth has flown,
And in its sere and yellow leaf
A transient pleasure, all too brief,
Is tasted by the Arab tough.
That children are my last is known,
So men were once, except Macduff.
My whole a pig or mule may be,
But never, never, never, we
Have more than proper firmness shown.

CCLXXV

MY first, though short, a month is reckoned,
And worse than nothing is my second,
A little word that many hate.
The steward in the Bible famed,
Who said to beg he was ashamed,
Could scarce my third investigate.
The men who died and gained renown
The day the Cumberland went down, —
For them my whole came all too late.

CCLXXVI

MY first will take us hence with speed
So fast it takes your breath away;
My other two had friend indeed
To take his place in time of need.
And much as when we raise another
As the best way to drown a pother,
My whole will take your breath away.

CCLXXVII

SURE, Pat with my last is my first no more,
He can carry the ward where he carried before
The bricks and cement, and the sand and the lime,
While up the long ladder he 'd carefully climb.
It 's the dago today wields the shovel and pick;
At work as a navvy you scarce find a mick
And another my whole is employed to hoist brick.

CCLXXVIII

THE question Hamlet put of yore
No answer ever brought;
My first is nothing to my whole,
My whole to him is naught;
But from my whole remove my first,
There 'll still a pearl remain,
Once tarnished o'er with blood and gore,
The pride, then curse of Spain.

CCLXXIX

MY first, oh never say that word;
Though life my second may appear,
Perhaps some sister ship my third
May offer to a harbor near.
My third and fourth your grandsire hated,
But look at history, — there is he!
Who knows but you for fame are slated,
And in my whole your name will be?

CCLXXX

MY last, when old, all know
Is man's relentless foe.
My first his foe is, too,
But this is worse when new.
My whole we have in Spring ;
It upsets everything ;
And housewife with her mop
And dusting cloth and pail,
Like little Billee in the top,
Longs for a sail, a sail !

CCLXXXI

MY first is food and also slang,
My last for food is rather strong;
At concerts when Parepa sang
My whole was always seen with me,
And no one ever thought it wrong.
The world to me has grown unkind,
Now few prefer my whole to see
With me a-tagging on behind,
And thousands to the concerts throng
Contented that my whole is free.

CCLXXXII

MY FIRST.

I AM the earl my third did fight
When Scotland's king was Snowdoun's knight.

MY SECOND.

No voice, nor lungs, nor sense have I ;
My only utterance is a cry.

MY THIRD.

I roam unfettered as the wind,
Though once in cavern close confined.

MY WHOLE.

I am a striker, and I try
To lower the head upheld too high.

CCLXXXIII

MY first and next was horrid, I can almost taste it still,
But I just had to take it when my mother thought me ill.

Dibdin sings of a cherub that sits up on high;
To watch out for poor Jack he has always an eye;
His tale I will not question, for this I tell is true;
My third and fourth a cherub is that has an eye for you.

My total "came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold."

CCLXXXIV

WHEN o'er her task a Danaïd grieves,
My first her falling tears receives ;
And though he diet, eat, or fast,
A sick man always is my last.

Opposed to military life,
My words did ne'er engender strife,
And yet my wars are to the knife.
I 'm writ with letters five or four
Which count up almost to eight score.

CCLXXXV

SHE called her child with tongue and bell,
The empty halls no answer made;
Her boy was stolen, lost, or strayed,
Gone the sweet face she loved so well!

But soon from out a closet near,
Calling my first, a voice she heard;
Her fears became my second, third;
'T was he, my whole from ear to ear.

And when she gazed on that sweet face,
She checked her impulse to embrace.

CCLXXXVI

THE moon that night rose late and small,
And on my first she feebly shone.
My second in the murky hall
Against my whole stood up alone.
He scanned his rivals on the floor,
And some lay dead and some did snore.
"Poor silly sheep to challenge me,
My first will take them hence," said he,
'T was well they 'd paid my second all.

CCLXXXVII

MY first is seen in stream and river,
And where poor ice-bound sailors shiver.
'T would pain maid, wife, or widow ever
My second from her hand to sever.
My whole, life's path 'mongst roses treading,
Summoned for feast and sought for wedding,
O man of sense, is life so vain
That when death comes you count it gain?

CCLXXXVIII

MY first we all must do;
My last is seen in hats and silver dishes;
My whole has teeth, and more than two,
And brings up gods and little fishes.

CCLXXXIX

MY first claims England as his proud domain;
My first and next its myriads has slain;
In Spain some look to see my one, two, three;
And when a great man lies in mortal pain,
The doctors meet, and on my whole agree.

CCXC

MY first a good example shows
Of strong attachment to a brother;
They shared together joys and woes,
One could not live without the other.

A flask of wine John gave me when
We said good-by, proposing merry
To drink it when we met again.
We little thought of Charon's ferry,
But many a year has passed since then,
And I 've my second with the sherry.

At a charity fair a young man was besought
Till a chance in a raffle he finally bought;
One dollar the price that he paid for the same;
"And now," said the lady, "please give me your name."
"With pleasure!" he cried, and my whole he became.

CCXCI

ADDRESSED TO MISS MY WHOLE

A BARD of old has sung the praise of one
Who set herself a labor never done;
Her namesake now a harder task has set, —
To guess my riddles, and she 's at it yet.
She writes for answers, gets for answer back
No answer but another nut to crack.
Well, this at least an easy one will be;
She takes my first to make the other three, —
One tall and slender, and one plump and round;
Just join these rightly and my last is found.

I cannot tell if she has yet to know
The hard, rough road true love is said to go,
But if she 's steadfast as befits her name,
And owns a spirit dungeons cannot tame,
Then to her parents I would counsel this, —
There 's no use planning how to thwart the miss;
Love laughs at locksmiths, put him not to test;
You do my first, and she may do the rest!

CCXCII

WHEN leaving home to take the train,
The husband hears my first with pain
Spoke by the best of womankind ;
Dan Cupid's guidon waves retreat,
And life seems nothing but a grind.
Let Baby but that word repeat,
And straight the little one is kissed,
Wife gets the one she thought she 'd missed,
And Love comes trooping back amain ;
So different the emotions stirred
If wife, or baby speak that word.

Lord of our western lands, what curse indeed
Has visited my whole and all his seed ?
Even as my second melts the snows away,
So have his millions vanished from the plains ;
Alive or dead, men sought him but to slay
Till little but his memory remains.
More, his unthinking murderers, to their shame
Robbing his life, took from him his good name. —
But when did Justice e'er consort with Greed ?

CCXCIII

THE man behind my first to-day
By painter's brush, in poet's lay
Is shown and sung, and all who thirst
Should heed the summons of my first.

Themis may boast her even scales,
But mark how love of self prevails!
"My second second is," says she,
"And next inferior to me."

The world is but my last, 't is said,
And such was fleeing David's bread;
The gambler who has staked his all
May have it if he will but call.

What though his philosophic eye
All heaven and earth could not descry,
My whole was one a friend could trust,
And rightly number with the just.

CCXCIV

WHEN the swift rocket soars on high,
And sudden stars light up the sky,
My first is uttered all around,
A thousand lips prolong the sound.

I know if I my whole should take,
That guilty I would lie awake,
Conscience would summon up the past,
And that same night would be my last.

CCXCV

IT was the season of the year
When in my last the birds were singing;
A maiden to her mother dear
Sicilia's fairest flower was bringing,
When my first seized her, and from upper day,
Seized by my whole he bore her far away.

CCXCVI

MY first and second in the public place
Stood radiant with upturned face,
While all the world looked down upon her.
To-day she stands exalted high,
Looked up to by each passer-by;
But what to her is place and honor?
Alike to her are nights and days;
To heaven no more she lifts her gaze,
But stands, the image of disgrace,
Holding her hands before her face.

Meagre and sad the story of my last,
A ruler in the distant past,
Survivor of a race of giants.
How well he governed none can tell;
His faults, his crimes, are lost as well,
Save that he bade God's own defiance.
Slain were his cattle and his hosts,
And sacked the cities of his coasts.
When restless lay that crowned head,
He lacked not room to toss in bed.

It was a lovely lady and her beau;
I heard their converse soft and low,
  But could not catch a word they uttered.
I watched her slipper tap the floor,
I noticed how he eyed the door,
  How nervously her fan she fluttered.
I can't interpret into speech
The movements of the lips of each;
But yet the inference you may draw,
It was my whole I heard and saw.

SOUVENIR DE NOËL

BELLE ■■ *premier* d'ivoire
  Surprise sous le gui,
Au moment de victoire
  Mon *entier* m'a failli.
Votre *dernier*, cruelle,
  Est tout ce que je crains,
Car la mort, chère belle,
  Serait douce à vos mains.

CCXCVII

SHE was my first all summer long,
I taught her how her oars to feather,
We played lawn tennis and ping-pong,
And even guessed charades together.

Scarce had my hopes begun to soar
When all my pleasure was embittered
To see, what I 'd not seen before,
A ring that on her finger glittered.

That day she asked could I divine
By reading palms a person's future,
And then she put her hand in mine ;
I thought her cruel as a butcher.

"This line shows you 're a flirt," I said,
"That we must part, this one is token,
This line denotes you soon will wed,
And this, to-day a heart you 've broken."

She said, "You 're talking nonsense, Sir,"
(Snatching away her hand so slender,)
"You 're not my whole and never were ;
You 're nothing but a poor pretender."

I answered meekly, "I confess
  Appearances are oft deceiving,
But let me make another guess,
  Perhaps my last my eyes is leaving.

"That ring which on your finger shines
  So dimmed my sight, my heart so sorrowed,
I failed to read, *between the lines*,
  It was not yours, but only borrowed."

And then I seized her other hand,
  But not to scan the lines that crossed it,
My heart just danced a saraband,
  And hers did too, because she 'd lost it.

SUR mon dernier j'ai vu
  Un papillon qui brille
Tout de satin vêtu ;
Et j'ai dit : " Malotru !
  Je connais ta famille,
Tu n'es qu'un parvenu :
  Penser que mon premier,
Ton proche parent peut-être,
Sur mon pauvre corps va paître,
  Me donne mon entier."

CCXCVIII

TWO gamesters in King George's day
Came to my first and sat to play.

The cards, the glasses and the port,
Candles and snuffers soon were brought.

My second and my third was kept
Up all night long; the servant slept,

But roused at times to trim the wicks,
Or change the cards or candlesticks.

Not till long after sunlight came,
One rose, hard hit, to quit the game.

He asked his friend to take a bill,
Then sent for paper, ink, and quill,

With shaking hand his promise wrote,
My fourth and fifth and sealed the note.

Turning as if to go to bed,
He clapt a pistol to his head, —

A sudden flash, and dead he fell
Just as rang out the Sabbath bell.

The holder when the bill came due,
Before his Honour came to sue.

His heirs maintained the claim my whole,
And from the dead his honour stole.

DE toutes les conquêtes,
Mesdames, que vous faites,
N'avez-vous eu jamais
Mon premier à vos pieds?

Que mon dernier se donne
Nullement nous étonne;
Mais un indien pourtant
Prétend qu'il se reprend.

Mon grand entier peut plaire
A un gros militaire;
Mais moi, ce sont les bleus
Que j'aime encore mieux.

CCXCIX

MY first, — the secret of the rose,
My second and my third was known to tell;
My whole is much enjoyed by those
Who ride a bicycle, and ride it well:
"Ask me no more, the moon may draw the sea,"
But not another can you draw from me.

CCC

MY first was stabbed and forced to yield
His treasure, but his lips were sealed.
What though he well discharged his trust,
He lies dishonored in the dust.

Once more adieu! my whole is sung,
My tricks are known, my traps are sprung;
It really would be too absurd
To say my second and my third.

KEY

Substitute for each letter of a supposed answer the figure standing over it in the table. If the number thus formed is not found in the following list, the answer is incorrect.

TABLE

1	2	3	4	5
A	B	C	D	E
F	G	H	I	J
K	L	M	N	O
P	Q	R	S	T
U	V	W	X	Y

KEY

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